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ANOTHER BODE FOR BODENTON.

Continued from Page 290.

It would seem this was a busy day with the heiress of Bodenton—a day which she had set apart, and consecrated to the purposes of true love, or rustic coquetry; and she had spared no pains or expense to decorate her person, and adorn her natural charms, for the eyes of her numerous admirers. "Jenny," said the heiress to a dark-haired girl, some seventeen years old, with a nimble foot, and a merry glance, and her prime minister and chief confidante; "how mony's come—the day's near done—and nae man shall lift the latch of my door after the sheep are in the fauld." "I know not how mony ye expect," said Jenny; "but there's sax behind the ha' door, and three before the fire. Willie Hauseclock's o'er the moor an hour since, counting the ewes, and walking the marches, and every step he takes he cries, "Three thousand of the Cheviot breed!—she's a rich quean; five thousand of black faced ewes!—she's a perfect princess; fifteen hundred of the old stock of Tinwald! a noble brood—the lassie's richer than the queen of Sheba; and all this fat pasturage as free to her as the wind to the hill. I wonder she can keep out of a chariot and sax; and then all her uncle's bills and money at work—if she gets nae a man she'll go mad—a man that can give her good counsel—a sensible man, no o'er far stricken in years—a consulerate man, whose wisdom will cast cold water on the heat of her temper; but I maun go warily to work: for hating that she's light-headed, the lassie's well enough for a woman, and no very much of a fool. And now I will go and give a bode for Bodenton.'"

"For the love of laughter, have done," said the heiress; "we have other folk to oblige with our mirth—and here comes auld Willie Hauseclock himself—as fast as his cough will permit, and his legs may carry him—run down, Jenny, and show him up to me; let me settle matters with him first—age should be honoured—age should be reverenced—we mauna dally with thirty, nor threescore." And away flew Jenny—Jenny Jardine was her name, a full cousin sundry times removed to the laird of Cusserland. Steps were heard in the passage, a whisper and a cough, and the voice of Jenny, saying, "Hout, haud off, laird Hauseclock; haud ye're smearing thumb off my bare neck—ye were nae half sae rash when my mother was a wanter." The door flew open, and in staggered the laird, panting and gasping for breath; for his treacherous conductor had fairly exhausted his breath and strength in a fruitless effort of gallantry.

If he entered confused and flushed with this unusual exertion, he saw nothing in the room to allay his agitation, but much to increase it. Instead of a meek and demure maiden, with a simple snood fastening her hair, dressed in a homespun gown, and with all the visible tokens of laborious thrift around her, he saw a stately and a pacing madam flaunting in a flounced and flowered gown, and a white hat sitting somewhat on one side, surmounted by a crest of feathers, white, red, and blue, which filled all the space between her brow and the ceiling; and fanned him into an ague fit. "Ah! laird Hauseclock," said the

heiress, eyeing herself at the same time, towering crest and all, in a huge mirror; "come and be seated—how's ye're rheumatism? and how's ye're shortness of breath? Jenny, lass, only see what sort of a gown these flirts in the Far Vennel have made me? crape they have the presumption to call it—constitution crape. Ye might winnow peas through it, laird—it's as open as a salmon net." "It's a bonnie garment, lass," said the laird; "it's a braw garment, and would cost a braw penny—it's no there for twal punds." "Ye ought to be burnt for a warlock laird; only it would be a pity to lose so venerable a man—ye have guessed it—it was twelve pounds—or was't the hat and feathers and the new pelisse that were twelve pounds, Jenny; or, stop, it was the new side saddle—I cannot be quite sure." "It was none of them all," said Jenny, looking demurely on laird Hauselock, who sat in wonder and amazement, listening to this hasty summary of extravagance—"it was the pearl necklace." "The pearl necklace," said the heiress, "d've think men dived in the Solway for the pearls, that I could have it for such an erlepenny as twelve pounds?" "Hinnie, hinnie," said the laird; "ye speak of punds Scots, surely—and twal pund Scots for a gown would have frightened ye're grandmother into her grave." "Punds Scots," echoed the heiress; tossing her head with such a sudden disdain, that the feathers alarmed some swarms of spiders, and sent them running to all corners of the room; "laird Hauselock, ye but joke—think you that I pay my draper, my mantua-maker, my saddler, my bookseller, my"—"my wine-merchant," whispered Jenny Jardine; "my wine-merchant, and my lawyer, in such vulgar money as that?" The laird leaped to his feet; "wine-merchant, Mary Moffatt, and lawyer," cried he; "that's warse than the moorill and original sin seven times told. Hark ye, lass, I had a thought; but far away has that thought flown now—to have put smooth words in my mouth, and made a bode for bonnie Bodenton; but the back of my hand be to't—there's that petticoated she-fiend, Extravagance—I name nae names—sitting on the marchdyke, and squandering it foot and furrow. And yet," said he, as he hastened out of the house, "I have, perhaps, been hasty—a wise word and a sharp curb hand—a bite on the bridle a bit—it would have killed her, or cured her—and either way I would have been a gainer—I have been rash—I have been rash."

"O, my bonnie petticoated she-fiend, Lady Extravagance!" cried Jenny Jardine; "lord, but ye mauned it rarely; where are your side-saddles, and your necklace of pearls—and shall men go dive in the Solway for them? Now this is what I call acting—men and women stand on the stage and make mouths at one another; but this is what I call acting." "I think we have delivered the laird," said the heiress, "of his last folly—that of making love. I have often wondered what made him shave once a fortnight, and wash once a week, and go to the kirk before me, with his skin-wool hose on, and look at me all the time of the sermon. O! the folly of marrowless bones. I'll like myself the worse for a fortnight at least, for moving such an imperfect piece of humanity as him. Now Jenny, woman, I wish we had that poor misguided lad—what's his name—him that hounds the dogs when there's nought astray, and dauners about the dykes looking at the moon—the moon has much to answer for about him. Can ye no help me to his name, woman? It's he who lies on his back, watching the plover coming through the cloud, and the morning lark, as it rises with its dewy wings, and perfumes heaven with the sweets of earth. Well, I think I'm growing mad myself, and making poetry." "Aha!" cried Jenny; "I'll wad ye mean nae wiser a man than honest Tam Carruders; and

speak of fun, and Folly comes to your elbow, for yonder he comes—only look at him, he steps like a gander in a deep snaw—he's run against the tether'd cow, and the caws up wi' a rowte—he's run mid-leg deep into the goose-pond, and all the goslings are quacking. See he shakes the mud from him, and makes for our door, as if our house was Bedlam, and we kept lunatics. But, stop; he's either run against the door check and chipt the free-stone, or he has met laird Hauselock smack i' the teeth—hear at the dunt and the tumble, they're both down for sixpence. Oh! folly at eighteen, and madness at threescore; spare one another. The laird's away muttering, and here comes the ballad maker—look what a raised look he has—he's about to recite verse; and I would rather he would bite me—the bite may be mended, but there's nae cure for thyme, it will be the death of us a'".

The youth stood before them ere the satirical portrait of his person and pursuits was well finished. He was dressed in homely cloth—had a firm, well made form, and a free step; an unembarrassed air, and a modest eye. Yet his keen blue eye was one that could seize on folly as readily as a hawk seizes its natural prey, and it seemed too, conversant with the soft, the gentle, and the moving. "A song, a song, Tam, my lad," cried the heiress, as the youth entered; "a song, a merry song, and the subject shall be the courtship of laird Hauselock and the heiress of Bodenton. There's a prime theme; come now, clean off hand—extempore as folk say, when they think hard and consider long. Come, man, wooe the muse, or what call ye the dame who singles ye with folly?" "My Muse must be the heiress of Bodenton," said the bard. "A fair mark's easily hit," said the heiress; "Tam, ye're improving; Jenny, the lad's wiser than we thought of; he has deviated into sense once to my knowledge; the lad needs, as the wife said, when her son fell from coughing to swearing. Come now, Tammie lad, since I maun say saft things, give us a slup at auld Hauselock." The bard sung, with more archness than melody, the following hasty rhymes.

A gallant auld carle a courting came,
And ask'd with a cough, was the heiress at hame;
He was shaven smooth, with love-knots in his shoon,
And his breath was as cauld as the Hallowmass moon:
He has twa top-coats on, and a gray plaid;
Be kind to him, maiden, he's weel arrayed;
His lairdship lies by the kirk-yard dyke,
For he'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

The carle came ben with a groan and a cough,
And I was sae wilful and wicked as laugh;
He spoke of his lands, and his horses, and kye,
They were worth nae mair than a blink of my eye;
He spake of his gold—his locks, as he spake,
From the gray did grow to the glossy black:
And I scarce could say to the carle's grape,
I doubt ye'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

To be continued.

CURIOUS EXTRACT FROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL.

It was on Thursday, the second day of September last, that travelling in Holland on board a Trekskuyt between Rotterdam and Delft, we observed, on the left bank of the Canal, a decent building or mansion, in front of which was painted in large roman capitals the word "*Pigskûle*." An idea instantly struck our whole party (and we have as yet discovered no cause for rejecting the supposition) that this was an establishment for conferring the benefits of education upon that useful, valuable, and respectable animal the Pig. Having all of us repeatedly witnessed, and witnessed

with astonishment, the various and surprising attainments in the sciences possessed by the "Sapient Pig Toby," a new light suddenly broke in upon us as to the quarter where he had acquired them, on beholding this university appropriated to the infant and adult instruction of the species. The establishment appeared to be conducted with the most exact and regular discipline, as far we are authorised to assert, who merely saw it as we sailed slowly past it. There were no symptoms of grunting, squeaking, or of any other riotous and disorderly conduct usually, not to say invariably, observed among raw and uneducated country porkers; and the imagination fondly, but naturally, led us to conjecture, the different duties and avocations that were occupying the various pupils at the very moment when we were passing the seminary. Some were perhaps at their toilette, smoothing or curling their *pigtails* for the day, others waltzing or pirouetting on their *pettitoes*, others busily employed in those abstruse calculations for which Professor Toby was so eminently distinguished; while some again were as actively engaged in pursuing their *profound* botanical researches in the potatoe garden. My impression is that a Pig is not generally clever,—that he possesses good sound parts, but that the appearance of a Genius like *Toby* forms a perfect epoch in the history of Piggism. Still it was rather perseverance than natural brilliancy even in him, that raised him to the splendid title of the "Aristotle" of his kind, as I am credibly informed he was intractably dull during his early pighood—"for," says the illustrious Lord *Bacon*, "learning is in the young, like the bean when it is first committed to the earth, painfully slow in appearing, and then weakly and feeble, requiring the fostering and patient hand of the cultivator, till it reaches a certain age, when on a sudden it shoots up in vigorous energy, and repays all the labour of its culture, by producing fruit an hundred fold."—(See the Encyclopedia Britannica, under the heads of *Beans and Bacon.*)

There was no circumstance connected with our discovery of this learned establishment that afforded us such exquisite gratification as the reflection that we should now have it in our power to provide our worthy neighbours, the *Bristolians*, with the most respectable and unobjectionable means of civilising and refining the *hogs* of their city, or rather city, (if any of the species still remain) who were formerly great *bores* to society, and whom a learned antiquary consequently supposes to be descended from *Og*, King of Bashan.

The building was of the *Tuskan* order; but there was a fantastical orientalism about the roof of it, that almost inclined us to trace this institution to the Chinese, particularly as they are eminently celebrated for their breed of this animal, and that *Toby* himself was supposed to be a native of that Empire; but this I believe to be a chimerical conjecture; the fact is, all pigs have something *Chinese* about them, which might lead the superficial to such a belief. One of our party, a great antiquarian, suggested that the establishment might, perhaps, owe its endowment to *Ham*, the son of Noah! but Mr. L., with more animation than complaisance, roared out that this was "*all gammon*," and that a *rasher*, or more absurd conjecture, never emanated even from the speculative *Friar Bacon*.

I am told that Mr. Hogsflesh, of * * * * *, possesses some curious information on this subject, which he means to give forth to the world under the title of "*Pig Tales.*"

LORD BYRON.

CAPTAIN Medwin's work is published under the title of "Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron, noted during a residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the years 1821

and 1822." It is full of curious matter, and as the conversations are evidently authentic, they are extremely valuable, as affording a clue to the character of one of the most extraordinary men of this or any age.

"Somebody possessed Madame de Stael with an opinion of my immorality. I used occasionally to visit her at Coppet; and once she invited me to a family dinner, and I found the room full of strangers, who had come to stare at me as at some outlandish beast in a raree show. One of the ladies fainted, and the rest looked as if his satanic Majesty had been among them. Madame de Stael took the liberty to read me a lecture before the crowd; to which I only made her a low bow.

"I knew very few of the Genevese. Bentish was very civil to me; and I a great respect for Sismondi. I was forced to return the civilities of one of their professors by asking him, and an old gentleman, a friend of Gray's, to dine with me. I had gone out to sail early in the morning, and the wind prevented me from returning in time for dinner. I understand that I offended them mortally. Polidori did the honours.

"Among our countrymen, I made no new acquaintance; Shelley, Monk Lewis, and Hobhouse were almost the only English people I saw. No wonder; I showed a distaste for society at that time, and went little among the Genevese; besides, I could not speak French. What is become of my boatman and boat? I suppose she is rotten; she was never worth much. When I went the tour of the Lake in her with Shelley and Hobhouse, she was nearly wrecked near the very spot where St. Preux and Julia were in danger of being drowned. It would have been classical to have been lost there, but not so agreeable. Shelley was on the Lake much oftener than I, at all hours of the night and day; he almost lived in it; his great rage is a boat. We are both building now at Genoa: I a yacht, and he an open boat."

"We played at billiards till the carriage was announced, and I accompanied him in his drive. Soon after we got off the stones, we mounted our horses, which were waiting for us. Lord Byron is an admirable horseman, combining ease with the security of his seat. He prides himself much on this exercise. He conducted us for some miles till we came to a farm-house, where he practices pistol-firing every evening. This is his favourite amusement, and may indeed be called almost a pursuit. He always has pistols in his holster, and eight or ten pair by the first makers in London carried by his courier. We had each twelve rounds of ammunition, and in a diameter of four inches he put eleven out of twelve shots. I observed his hand shook exceedingly. He said that when he first began at Manton's he was the worst shot in the world, and Manton was perhaps the best. The subject turned upon duelling, and he contended for its necessity, and quoted some strong arguments in favour of it.

"I have been concerned," said he, "in many duels as second, but only in two as principal; one was with Hobhouse, before I became intimate with him. The best marksmen at the target are not the surest in the field. Cecil's and Stackpoole's affair proved this. They fought after a quarrel of three years, during which they were practising daily. Stackpoole was so good a shot that he used to cut off the heads of the fowls for dinner as they drank out of the coops about. He had every wish to kill his antagonist, but he received his death-blow from Cecil, who fired rather fine, or rather was the quickest shot of the two. All he said when falling was, 'D—n it, have I missed him?' Shelley is a much better shot than I am, but he is thinking of metaphysics rather than of firing.'—Page 17 to 20.

"I heard afterwards that Mrs.

Charlmont had been the means of poisoning Lady Noel's mind against me:—that she had employed herself and others in watching me in London, and had reported having traced me into a house in Portland-place. There was one act of which I might justly have complained, and which was unworthy of any one but such a confidante; I allude to the breaking open of my writing-desk. A book was found in it that did not do much credit to my taste in literature, and some letters from a married woman, with whom I had been intimate before my marriage. The use that was made of the latter was most unjustifiable, whatever may be thought of the breach of confidence that led to their discovery. Lady Byron sent them to the husband of the lady, who had the good sense to take no notice of their contents. The gravest accusation that has been made against me is that of having intrigued with Mrs. Mardyn in my own house; introduced her to my own table, &c. There never was a more unfounded calumny. Being on the committee of Drury-lane Theatre, I have no doubt that several actresses called on me; but as to Mrs. Mardyn, who was a beautiful woman and might have been a dangerous visitress, I was scarcely acquainted (to speak) with her. I might even make a more serious charge against——— than employing spies to watch unsuspected amours. * * *

* * * *

I had been shut up in a dark street in London, writing (I think he said) *The Siege of Corinth*, and had refused myself to every one till it was finished. I was surprised one day by a doctor and a lawyer almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent: but what should I have thought if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity? * *

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I have no doubt that my answers to these emissaries' interrogations were not very rational or consistent, for my imagination was heated by other things. But Dr. Bailey could not conscientiously make me out a certificate for Bedlam; and perhaps the lawyer gave a more favourable report to his employers. The Doctor said afterwards, he had been told that I always looked down when Lady Byron bent her eyes on me, and exhibited other symptoms equally infallible, particularly those that marked the late King's case so strongly. I do not, however, tax Lady Byron with this transaction; probably she was not privy to it. She was the tool of others. Her mother always detested me; she had not even the decency to conceal it in her own house. Dining one day at Sir Ralph's, (who was a good sort of man and of whom you may form some idea, when I tell you that a leg of mutton was always served up at his table, that he might cut the same joke upon it,) I broke a tooth, and was in great pain, which I could not avoid showing.—'It will do you good,' said Lady Noel, 'I am glad of it!' I gave her a look!

"You ask if Lady Byron were ever in love with me—I have answered you that question already—No! I was the fashion when she first came out: I had the character of being a very great rake, and was a great dandy—both of which young ladies like. She married me from vanity, and the hope of reforming and fixing me. She was a spoiled child, and naturally of a jealous disposition; and this was increased by the infernal machinations of those in her confidence.

"She was easily made the dupe of the designing, for she thought her knowledge of mankind infallible; she had got some foolish idea of Madame de Staël's in her head, that a person might be better known in the first hour than in ten years. She had the

habit of drawing people's characters after she had seen them once or twice. She wrote pages on pages about my character, but it was as unlike as possible.

"Lady Byron had good ideas, but could never express them; wrote poetry, too, but it was only good by accident. Her letters were always enigmatical, often unintelligible. She was governed by what she called rules and principles, squared mathematically. She would have made an excellent wrangler at Cambridge. It must be confessed, however, that she gave no proof of her boasted consistency. First, she refused me, then she accepted me, then she separated herself from me:—so much for consistency." (Page 42 to 47.)

"I am sorry to find that he (Lord Byron) has become more indolent. He has almost discontinued his rides on horseback, and has starved himself into an unnatural thinness; and his digestion has become weaker. In order to keep up the stamina that he requires, he indulges somewhat too freely in wine, and in his favourite beverage, Hollands, of which he now drinks a pint almost every night.

"He said to me humorously enough, 'Why don't you drink, Medwin? Gin-and water is the source of all my inspiration. If you were to drink as much as I do, you would write as good verses; depend on it, it is the true Hippocrene.'"

* * * *

"'There are two things that strike me at this moment, which I did at Harrow; I bought Lord Calthorpe for writing 'D—d Atheist!' under my name; and prevented the school-room from being burnt during a rebellion, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls. * * *

"He used to say there were three great men ruined in one year, Brummel, himself, and Napoleon! * * *

"'I wrote little at Venice, and was forced into the search of pleasure,—an employment I was soon jaded with the pursuit of.

"'Women were there, as they have ever been fated to be, my bane. Like Napoleon, I have always had a great contempt for women; and formed this opinion of them not hastily, but from my own fatal experience. My writings, indeed, tend to exalt the sex; and my imagination has always delighted in giving them a *beau idéal* likeness, but I only drew them as a painter or statuary would do,—as they should be. Perhaps my prejudices and keeping them at a distance, contributed to prevent the illusion from altogether being worn out and destroyed as to their celestial qualities.

"'They are in an unnatural state of society. The Turks and Eastern people manage these matters better than we do. They lock them up, and they are much happier. Give a woman a looking-glass and a few sugar-plums, and she will be satisfied.'"

These brief and miscellaneous selections are characteristic, and will help the reader to form an estimate, which the view of more important connexions cannot fail to confirm. We will endeavour to illustrate this by putting together Captain Medwin's notices of his *liaison* with the Countess Guiccioli—the lady who maintained the longest influence over him in Italy.

"He dined at half an hour after sunset, (at twenty-four o'clock); then drove to Count Gamba's, the Countess Guiccioli's father, passed several hours in her society, returned to his palace, and either read or wrote till two or three in the morning; occasionally drinking spirits diluted with water as a medicine, from a dread of a phritic complaint, to which he was, or fancied himself, subject. Such was his life at Pisa.

"The Countess Guiccioli is twenty-three years of age, though she appears no more than seventeen or eighteen. Unlike most of the Italian women, her complexion is delicately fair. Her

eyes, large, dark, and languishing, are shaded by the longest eye-lashes in the world; and her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn. Her figure is, perhaps, too much *embonpoint* for her height, but her bust is perfect; her features want little of possessing a Grecian regularity of outline; and she has the most beautiful mouth and teeth imaginable. It is impossible to see without admiring—to hear the Guiccioli speak without being fascinated. Her amability and gentleness show themselves in every intonation of her voice, which, and the music of her perfect Italian, give a peculiar charm to every thing she utters. Grace and elegance seem component parts of her nature. Notwithstanding that she adores Lord Byron, it is evident that the exile and poverty of her aged father sometimes affect her spirits, and throw a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which adds to the deep interest this lovely girl creates.

"'Extraordinary pains (said Lord Byron one day) were taken with the education of Teresa. Her conversation is lively without being frivolous; without being learned, she has read all the best authors of her own and the French language. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much; possibly because she knows I am not fond of blues. To use the expression of Jeffrey's, 'If she has blue stockings, she contrives that her petticoat shall hide them.'"

"Lord Byron is certainly very much attached to her, without being actually in love. His description of the Georgioni in the Manfrini palace at Venice is meant for the Countess. The beautiful sonnet prefixed to the Prophecy of Dante was addressed to her; and I cannot resist copying some stanzas written when he was about to quit Venice to join her at Ravenna, which will describe the state of his feelings at that time."

'Defending the custom of *Cavalari Serventi*, his Lordship says—

"'The Count Guiccioli, for instance, who is the richest man in Romagna, was sixty when he married Teresa; she sixteen. From the first they had separate apartments, and she always used to call him *Sir*. What could be expected from such a preposterous connexion? For some time she was an Angiolina, and he a Marino Fabero, a good old man; but young women, and your Italian ones too, are not satisfied with your good old men. Love is not the same dull, cold, calculating feeling here as in the North. It is the business, the serious occupation of their lives; it is a want, a necessity. Somebody properly defines a woman, "a creature that loves." They die of love; particularly the Romans: they begin to love earlier, and feel the passion later than the Northern people. When I was at Venice, two Dowagers of sixty made love to me. But to return to the Guiccioli. The old Count did not object to her availing herself of the privileges of her country; an *Italian* would have reconciled him to the thing: indeed for some time he winked at our intimacy, but at length made an exception against me, as a foreigner, a heretic, an Englishman, and, what was worse than all, a liberal.

"He insisted—the Guiccioli was as obstinate; her family took her part. Catholics cannot get divorces. But, to the scandal of all Romagna, the matter was at length referred to the Pope, who ordered her a separate maintenance, on condition that she should reside under her father's roof. All this was not agreeable, and at length I was forced to smuggle her out of Ravenna, having disclosed a plot laid with the sanction of the Legate, for shutting her up in a Convent for life, which she narrowly escaped."

The morning after Shelley's obsequies, at which Lord B. caught a fe-

ter, Captain Medwin relates:—

"I found him sitting in the garden under the shade of some orange trees, with the Countess. They are now always together, and he is become quite domestic. He calls her *Piccinina*, and bestows on her all the pretty diminutive epithets that are so sweet in Italian. His kindness and attention to the Guiccioli have been invariable. A three years' constancy proves that he is not altogether so unmanageable by a sensible woman as might be supposed. In fact, no man is so easily led; but he is not to be driven.

"The influence of the Countess over Lord Byron, reminded me of a remark of Fletcher's, that Shelley once repeated to me as having overheard: 'That it was strange every woman should be able to manage his Lordship, but her Ladyship!'"

* * * *

Getting up a play when at Cambridge.

"On the day of representation, one of the performers took it into his head to make an excuse, and his part was obliged to be read. Hobhouse came forward to apologise to the audience, and told them that a Mr. —— had declined to perform his part, &c. The gentleman was highly indignant at the '*a*,' and had a great inclination to pick a quarrel with Scroope Davies, who replied that he supposed Mr. —— wanted to be called *the* Mr. so and so. He ever after went by the name of the '*Definite Article*.'"

When Manager at Drury-Lane.

"It is pleasant enough sometimes to take a peep behind, as well as to look before the scenes.

"I remember one leg of an elephant saying to another, 'D—n your eyes, move a little quicker;' and overhearing at the Opera two people in love, who were so *distraits* that they made the responses between the intervals of the recitative, instead of during the recitation itself. One said to the other, 'Do you love me?' 'I love same the flourish of music, and the reply sweet, er than the music, 'Can you doubt it?'"

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill
The mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of plaster-craft in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or Bird that soar'd with Ganymede;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curl'd;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world!
Hope be thy guide, adventerous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

But thou, perhaps, (alert and free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime;
Whether thou chuse this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Tho' robb'd by many a cherish'd dream,
And cross'd by many a shatter'd scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty!
Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recal a Sister's last embrace,
His Mother's neck entwine;
Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright-hair'd Boy!

My Song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot;
Due recompence, and safe return
To Como's steeps—his happy bourne!
Where he aloft in Garden glade,
Shall tend, with his own dark eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig;
Or feed his eye in patia sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof.

That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendant grapes.
Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
To share his wanderings! *he* whose look
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled,
As with a rapture caught from heaven,
When Pity's unask'd alms were given.

OUR VILLAGE; SKETCHES OF RURAL CHARACTER AND SCENERY

(By Miss Mitford.)

We have already made one extract from this delightful volume; to which we are tempted to recur for the purpose of giving another specimen of the powers of the fair authoress, in the description of rural objects, and in the delineation of character. The following, which appears under the title of "The Hard Summer,"* is exquisitely vivid and faithful:—

"Last year, in spite of the love which we are now pleased to profess towards that ardent luminary, not one of the sun's numerous admirers had courage to look him in the face: there was no bearing the world till he had said "good-night" to it. Then we might stir; then we began to wake and to live. All day long we languished under his influence in a strange dreaminess, too hot to work, too hot to read, too hot to write, too hot even to talk; sitting hour after hour in a green arbour, embowered in leafiness, letting thought and fancy float as they would. Those day-dreams were pretty things in their way; there is no denying that. But then, if one half of the world were to dream through a whole summer, like the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, what would become of the other?

"The only office requiring the slightest exertion, which I performed in that warm weather, was watering my flowers. Common sympathy called for that labour. The poor things withered, and faded, and pined away; they almost, so to say, panted for drought. Moreover, if I had not watered them myself, I suspect that no one else would: for water here about last year was nearly as precious as wine. Our land-springs were dried up; our wells were exhausted; our deep ponds were dwindling into mud; and geese, and ducks, and pigs, and laundresses, used to look with a jealous and suspicious eye on the few and scanty half-buckets of that impure element, which my trusty lacquey was fain to filch for my poor geraniums, and campanulas and tuberoses. We were forced to smuggle them in through my faithful adherent's territories, the stable, to avoid lectures within doors; and at last even that resource failed; my garden, my blooming garden, the joy of my eyes, was forced to go waterless like its neighbours, and became shrivelled, scorched, and sunburnt, like them. It really went to my heart to look at it.

"On the other side of the house matters were still worse. What a dusty world it was when about sunset, we became cool enough to creep into it! Flowers in the court looking fit for a *hortus siccus;* mummies of plants, dried as in an oven; hollyhocks, once pink, dropt into Quakers; cloves smelling of dust. Oh dusty world! May herself looked of that complexion; so did Lizzy; so did all the houses, windows, chickens, children, trees, and pigs in the village; so above all did the shoes. No foot could make three plunges into that abyss of pulverised gravel, which had the impudence to call itself a hard road, without being clothed with a coat a quarter of an inch thick. Woe to white gowns! woe to black! Drab was your only wear.

"Then, when we were out of the street, what a toil it was to mount the hill, climbing with weary steps and slow upon the brown turf by the way-side, slippery, hot, and hard as a rock! And then if we happened to meet a carriage coming along the middle of the road, the bottomless ill-

* See page 312 of our last Volume.

—what a sandy whirlwind it was! What choking! what suffocation! No state could be more pitiable, except indeed that of the travellers who carried this misery about with them. I shall never forget the plight in which we met the coach one evening in last August, full an hour after its time, steeds and driver, carriage and passengers, all one dust. The outsides and the horses, and the coachmen seemed reduced to a torpid quietness, the resignation of despair. They had left off trying to better their condition, and taken refuge in a wise and patient hopelessness, bent to endure in silence the extremity of ill. The six insides, on the contrary, were still fighting against their fate, vainly struggling to ameliorate their hapless destiny.—They were visibly grumbling at the weather, scolding the dust, and heating themselves like a furnace, by striving against the heat. How well I remember the fat gentleman without a coat, who was wiping his forehead, heaving up his wig, and certainly uttering that English ejaculation, which, to our national reproach, is the phrase of our language best known on the continent. And that poor boy, red-hot, all in a flame, whose mama, having divested her own person of all superfluous apparel, was trying to relieve his sufferings by the removal of his neckerchief—an operation which he resisted with all his might. How perfectly I remember him, as well as the pale girl who sate opposite, fanning herself with her bonnet into an absolute fever! They vanished after a while in their own dust; but I have them all before my eyes at this moment, a companion picture to Hogarth's Afternoon, a standing lesson to the grumblers at cold summers."

The following which is given as the character of an excellent spinster, who is known by the name of "Aunt Martha," gives a no less favourable idea of the writer than of the person described:—

"First of all, she is, as all women should be if they can, remarkably handsome. She may be—it is a delicate matter to speak of a lady's age!—she must be five-and-forty; but few beauties of twenty could stand a comparison with her loveliness. It is such a fullness of bloom, so luxuriant, so satiating; just tall enough to carry off the plumpness which at forty-five is so becoming; a brilliant complexion; curled pouting lips; long, clear, bright grey eyes—the colour for expression, that which unites the quickness of the black with the softness of the blue, a Roman regularity of feature; and a profusion of rich brown hair.—Such is Aunt Martha. Add to this a very gentle and pleasant speech, always kind, and generally lively; the sweetest temper; the easiest manners; a singleness of mind; a perfect openheartedness; and a total unconsciousness of all these charms; and you will wonder a little that she is Aunt Martha still. I have heard hints of an early engagement broken by the fickleness of man;—and there is about her an aversion to love in one particular direction—the love matrimonial—and an overflowing of affection in all other channels, that seems as if the natural course of the stream had been violently dammed up. She has many lovers—admirers I should say,—for there is, amidst her good-humoured gaiety, a coyness that forbids their going farther; a modesty almost amounting to shyness, that checks even the laughing girls, who sometimes accuse her of stealing away their beaux. I do not think any man on earth could tempt her into wedlock;—it would be a most unpardonable monopoly if any one should; an intolerable engrossing of a general blessing; a theft from the whole community.

"Her usual home is the white house covered with roses; and her station in the family is rather doubtful. She is not the mistress, for her charming nieces are old enough to take and to adorn the head of the table; nor the housekeeper, though, as she is

the only lady of the establishment who wears pockets, those ensigns of authority, the keys will sometimes be found, with other strays in that goodly receptacle: nor a guest; her spirit is too active for that lazy post: her real vocation there, and every where, seems to be conforming, cheering, welcoming, and spoiling every thing that comes in her way; and, above all, nursing and taking care. Of all kind employments, these are her favourites. Oh the shawlings, the cloakings, the cloggings! the cautions against cold, or heat, or rain, or sun! the remedies for diseases not arrived! colds uncaught! incipient tooth-aches! rheumatisms to come! She loves nursing so well, that we used to accuse her of inventing maladies for other people, that she might have the pleasure of curing them; and when they really come—as come they will sometimes in spite of Aunt Martha—what a nurse she is! It is worth while to be a little sick to be so attended. All the cousins, and cousins' cousins of her connexion, as regularly send for her on the occasion of a lying-in, as for the midwife. I suppose she has undergone the ceremony of dandling the baby, sitting up with the new mama, and dispensing the candle, twenty times at least. She is equally important at weddings or funerals. Her humanity is inexhaustible. She has an intense feeling of fellowship with her kind, and grieves or rejoices in the sufferings or happiness of others with a reality as genuine as it is rare.

"Her accomplishments are exactly of this sympathetic order; all calculated to administer much to the pleasure of her companions, and nothing to her own importance and vanity. She leaves to the syrens, her nieces, the higher enchantments of the piano, the harp, and the guitar, and that noblest of instruments the human voice, ambitious of no other musical fame than such as belongs to the playing of quadrilles and waltzes for their little dances, in which she is indefatigable; she neither caricatures the face of man nor of nature under pretence of drawing figures or landscapes; but she ornaments the reticules, bell-ropes, ottomans, and chair-covers of all her acquaintance, with flowers as rich and luxuriant as her own beauty. She draws patterns for the ignorant, and works flounces, frills, and baby-linen, for the idle; she reads aloud to the sick, plays at cards with the old, and loses at chess to the unhappy. Her gift in gossiping, too, is extraordinary; she is a gentle newsmonger, and turns her scandal on the sunny side. But she is an old maid still; and certain small peculiarities hang about her. She is a thorough hoarder; whatever fashion comes up, she is sure to have something of the sort by her—or, at least something the rem to convertible. She is a little superstitious; sees strangers in her tea-cup, gifts in her finger-nails, letters and winding-sheets in the candle, and purses and coffins in the fire; would not spill the salt "for all the world one ever had to give;" and looks with dismay on a crossed knife and fork. Moreover, she is orderly to fidgetiness; that is her greatest calamity!—for young ladies nowadays are not quite so tidy as they should be,—and ladies mails are much worse; and drawers are tumbled, and drawing rooms in a litter. Happy she to whom a disarranged drawer can be a misery! Dear and happy Aunt Martha!"

SCENE FROM SULLIVAN'S DRAMATIC POEM, ENTITLED "FAITHFUL AND FORSAKEN."

The following is from a charming drama—The story is one of blighted love. Euphrate, an aristocrat, during the early horrors of the French Revolution—is faithless to one who loved him dearly and devotedly, and married another. His Lydia, deserted by a faithless in her train, and her abandoned lover, full of vengeance, designs. Lisbetta, who is accordingly executed on his wedding day, with all the severity of London justice. His mistress, spurns diverts from his torments, and finally taken mistress clings to him in his fatal moment, and, under the disguise of a lady, gains admission to him, one of the infernal [illegible] condemned with him, and

[illegible] to press to the same [illegible] There is considerable beauty in some passages of this drama, as in that where Eustache, after his marriage, meets his forsaken Annabelle, and is meant to lay her, contrary to his expectations, with forgiveness.

"O, Annabelle! I came to thee with trembling,
But still prepared, and anxious for reproach;
Not to be cursed with pardon.

ANNABELLE.

Must I not
Remain your friend?—This morn, while yet the sun
Dwelt with a crimson mist upon our vineyard,
And purple clouds, like happy lovers, stole
With smiles and tears into each other's bosom,
I threw my lattice wide to drink the stream
Of Eqnid odours rolling from the south;
And then came mix'd with it a marriage song,
Whose distant melody did seem to dance
Upon a hundred lips of youthful revelry,
And bells and flageolets, and all the sounds
Befitting happiness and summer sunshine.
Twas a strange thing to weep at, yet I wept—
I know not why.—Some weep for grief, and some
For joy—but I for neither, or for both
Mix'd in a feeling more beloved than either,
Which weigh'd my heart down like a drooping bough
Overloaded with its luxury of roses.
And then—and then—the thoughts of silly maids
Run wilder than these roving vines—I found
My hands were clasp'd together, and my spirit
Stole from my eyes with a dim sense of prayer,
Which had no words. I begg'd a gentle fortune
Upon the newly wedded—pray'd I not
For *thee*, Eustache?

EUSTACHE.

I thought I had no more
To tell thee.

ANNABELLE.

Nor hast thou, Eustache, I'll guess it
I know not—I—I shall speak presently.
I pray you think not that I grieve thou'rt happy;
For e'en the victim that courts immolation
To win the garden, blooming with bright stars,
Will writhe beneath the blow that sends it thither.

EUSTACHE.

O, if thou meet'st the life that's due to thee,
How oft thou'lt drop a pitying tear for him
Who madly did desert his share of it!

ANNABELLE.

Not madly—no. Be cheerful, dear Eustache—
I shall do well enough—I must love still,
For that is life, and that thy bride will spare me;
But here is that which I have worn for years,
Smiled with, and wept with, and almost believed
It understood me. O, if it did so,
And could but speak, I would enjoin it tell thee
Whene'er a truer heart did beat against it.
Take it—it is Mathilde's—but do not think
I yield it up in anger or in pride—
No, dear Eustache—no more than dwells within
The fond kiss given with it *then* and *now*."

A CHARACTER.

"He tries so much to show his wit,
That wise men cannot talk a bit."

WILL QUIBBLE, by always attempting to shine as a wit, is a very disagreeable companion. His inclination for punning is so observable, and his incapacity for it so conspicuous, that it is usual with his friends, after making a fruitless attempt to raise a laugh, to add, "As WILL would have said." His manner of introducing a joke, too, is so studied, that any one may know he is at some labour to produce it; whereas the great art of a real wit is to make his facetious remarks to appear spontaneously arising

a similar proverb relating to the swallow's appearance before its usual time. The French have, *Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps;* the Germans, *Eine sheval bemacht keinen frahling;* the Dutch, *Een swalaw maak geen zomer;* the Swedes, *En svala gor ingen sommar*; the Italians, *Una ron de non fa primevera;* which may be all literally translated by the English proverb, "*One* swallow doth not make a summer." The story is well-known of a thin brass plate fixed on a swallow with this inscription, "Prithee swallow whither goest thou in winter?" The bird returned next spring, with the answer subjoined, "*To Anthony of Athens*—Why dost thou inquire?"

Singular Story of a Nun who escaped from a Convent in France.—The Parliament of Toulouse (in 1719) have been and are still engaged in investigating an extraordinary case, in which a considerable property is at stake. The circumstances are as follow:—A young Nun, who had been some time enamoured of a gay cavalier, resolved on scaling the walls of the convent, to be united to her admirerer. Love is violent even in the breast of one who wears a veil, and the young lady contrived a most ingenious scheme to accomplish her wishes. She acquainted the cavalier, by means of communication through the grating, that she had resolved upon breaking her bonds, and enjoying liberty with him. He supposed that the resolution was never likely to be realized, insomuch as there appeared so many difficulties thrown in the way. But what will not love effect? She pointed out a spot, through her letters, where she would meet the cavalier on a certain night, directing him to have swift horses in attendance, and leave all the rest to her care. She acquainted him that she would execute her plan, and no one would ever know that she had relinquished a religious life. It appeared to him a mystery how she could bring this about, and he was anxious to know the scheme she had in agitation; but of this she declared he must remain ignorant until it was completed. One of her companions having died about that time, and having just been interred, she boldly entered the tomb where the body was placed, and conveyed it to her own cell, where she placed it upon her couch, having first put upon it some of her clothing. She then set fire to the drapery of the room, and by means of a rope-ladder escaped from the convent and joined her lover at the appointed place. The fire soon alarmed those who were in the convent, and the cell was presently crowded by the sisterhood, who contrived to put out the fire, but not before it had so disfigured the dead body that no one suspected it to be any other than that of the nun who had contrived her escape. They mourned her unhappy fate, supposing that she had died by the fire, and prayers were offered up for her soul's repose. This ingenious but dangerous scheme succeeded, and her honour was unsullied. The cavalier engaged himself as a merchant, and acquired considerable property, having previously married his intrepid admirer. They had several children, who must have inherited considerable property, had not their mother's scruples of conscience interfered. She having lost her husband, became so afflicted that she retired into a convent, and confessed the whole scheme by which she had effected her escape from the nunnery. Her children have been pronounced illegitimate, and consequently, if they prove to be so by the decision of the Parliament, they cannot inherit their father's fortune. The relations of the deceased are now pressing this matter.—*Historical and Gallant Letters.*